

George Washington University

# GHOST

25¢



OPENING NUMBER

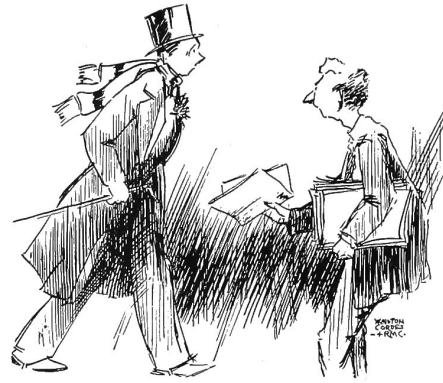


# THE TIGER BABY



CONCEIVED IN A SPIRIT OF GOOD  
CLEAN FUN AND DEDICATED TO THE  
PROPOSITION THAT BABY TIGERS ARE  
FREE.

THE PRINCETON TIGER



ELDERLY NEWSDEALER: "Evening Sun?"  
BELATED REVELLER: "Evening, sir."

LITTLE GIRL (to bride at wedding reception): "You don't look nearly so tired as I should have thought."  
BRIDE: "Don't I, dear? But why did you think I should look tired?"  
LITTLE GIRL: "Well, I heard mother say you'd been running after Mr. Smith for months and months."

"How did your dance come out, dear?"  
"Oh, it was absolutely perfect. There were five men for each girl, two stags were trampled in the rush, and the only other good-looking girl there had hay fever."

SMITH: "Before our marriage my wife thought of taking up law."  
JONES: "Yes?"

SMITH: "But now she's satisfied to lay it down."

LABOR: "What kind of shoes is them, black boy?"

CAPITAL: "Coolidge shoes, boy, Coolidge shoes."

LABOR: "How come Coolidge shoes, silent?"

CAPITAL: "Nossuh. Mah boss died, and I stepped right into 'em."

"Two orders of Spimoni Vericelli, please!"  
"Very sorry, sir; that is the proprietor, sir."

To a Dragon Fly  
Blest sprite that flittest  
through the air  
'Neath summer suns,  
devoid of care  
And underwear;

I envy thee, distracting  
fly,  
Thou look'st so fresh  
and cool, while I  
Can't though I try.

I envy thee; oh, would  
I too  
Might brave, untrou-  
sered, e'en as you  
The public view.

—J. D. B.



"Didn't these short dresses surprise you?"  
"Not much. I've a good memory."

THE PRINCETON TIGER



One of Charles G. Dawes'  
Letters to His Children

MY OWN SON:

What the hell is this I hear about your playing tit-tat-toe for twenty-five cents a game with Georgie Ward? Great Jehovah! I should think that even a damn little squirt your age could see that stuff isn't right by a hell of a sight. And playing with that damn peewit of a Ward brat, too! Hell and Maria! Why the devil don't you play some man's game out in God's open air instead of this petty gambling?

When I was your age you can bet your damn shirt I wasn't spending my old man's dough playing any two-bit tit-tat-toe game. Hell, no, not this son of a gun. Say, I was

the damndest best little crapshooter in the whole damn neighborhood, and when you move down to Washington I'll teach you some real games and maybe we can take that Johnny Coolidge and his old man over the rocks in a hell of a good old poker game.

Affectionately,  
YOUR OLD MAN.

"Did you read my poem last night?"  
"I began it."

"Interrupted, I suppose?"  
"No."

INQUIRING VISITOR: "To what do you attribute your long life, Uncle?"

OLDEST INHABITANT: "Well, I don't rightly know. Several of them patent medicine companies is bargaining with me now."

MOTHER: "Cards are a waste of time."

COLLEGE SON: "Yes, Mother, especially the time wasted in shuffling."

SISTER: "Jim, I'm going to be married in June. Will you give the bride away?"

BROTHER: "Hic—I won't tell a soul."

*Reproduced hereon are several pages from the miniature Princeton Tiger issued as a circulation booster for the regular issues of The Tiger.*

*This miniature copy can be published at a very low rate in conjunction with our producing the regular issues of your magazine.*

*Write us for a free copy of  
The Baby Tiger*

THE READ-TAYLOR PRESS

ENGRAVING - PRINTING - BINDING

BALTIMORE

"Mother, may I go to the dance?"

"Yes, my darling daughter,  
But I will kick you in the pants,  
If you do what you hadn't oughter."

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*



She was only an artist's daughter, but—  
boy!—what a crowd she could draw.

—*Johns Hopkins Black and Blue Jay.*



We have discovered a new use for old and  
disabled astronomers; let them name Pull-  
man cars.

—*Washington Dirge.*



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PHILADELPHIA  
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## PAUL PEARLMAN

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COLLEGE — MISCELLANEOUS

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THE NEAREST STORE TO THE  
UNIVERSITY

Our co-eds are so dumb they sign up for  
all the romance languages.

—*M. I. T. Voo Doo.*



Upper: "Set the alarm for two, please."

Lower: "You and who else?"

—*Boll Weevil.*



Storekeeper—"I don't like the ring of this  
half-dollar."

Customer—"What do you want for fifty  
cents—a peal of bells?"

—*Williams Purple Cow.*

## She Ain't So Dumb--

SHE might be a blonde but that's no sign she's so lightheaded she can't appreciate a date for dinner—where the food is fine and abundant, where the tunes are torrid and the setting scintillant.

Tell her to meet you at—

## RESTAURANT MADRILLON 1304 G ST.



*Dinner Concerts  
Daily*

Table d'Hote Dinner,  
\$1.50 -- Luncheon 55c  
and a dollar

Peter Borrás,  
Host

As they were dressing for dinner, the wife, who was a pretty little thing in spite of being a blonde, called into the bathroom, "What are you doing, Henry? Shaving?" Her husband, who felt quite exasperated, since he *was* shaving, called back, "No, I'm scrubbing the kitchen floor. What are you doing—out driving, or at the matinee?" Her blushing confusion was beautiful to behold.

—Stanford Chaparral.



Customer—"The horn on the car is broken."

Salesman—"No, it's not, it is just indifferent."

Customer—"What do you mean?"

Salesman—"Why, it just doesn't give a hoot."

—Annapolis Log.

Young Wife—"The post-offices are very careless sometimes, don't you think?"

Sympathetic Friend—"Yes, dear. Why?"

Young Wife—"Hubby sent me a postcard yesterday from Brockville, where he is on business, and they've put the Montreal postmark on it."

—Toronto Goblin.



Cop: "Had your baby christened yet?"

Tin: "Nothin' doin'. No kid o' mine's goin' ter get hit on the nose wit' a bottle."

—Maniac.



"Lo, Sam. Ah thought yo' was sending us a chicken fo' Sunday dinner."

"So Ah was, George, but it got better."

—Utah Humbug.

## CLOTHES

Ready-made  
And Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY  
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL  
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED  
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



## Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Overcoats

Bearly  
Camels Hair  
Coat  
\$165



Bearly  
Camels Hair  
Coat  
\$165





# P.A. is some little cheer-leader

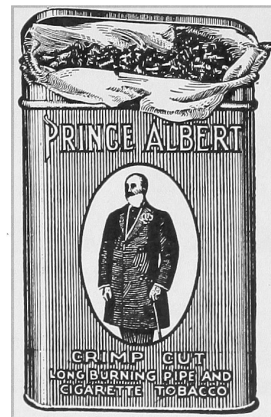
EVERY pipe is a Sunny Jimmy-pipe when it's packed with P.A. The tidy red tin chases the blues—and how! Why, you feel better the instant you open the tin and get that marvelous P. A. aroma. Every chore becomes a cheer, and you're sitting on top of the world.

Then you load up and light up. That taste—that never-to-be-forgotten, can't-get-too-much-of-it taste! Cool as a cut-in from the stag-line. Sweet as retaliation. Mild and mellow and long-burning, with a balanced body that

satisfies, right to the bottom of the bowl.

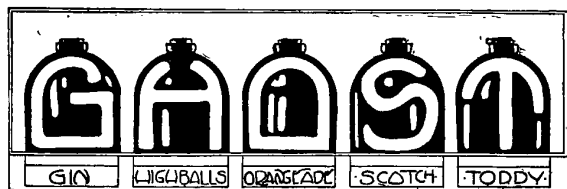
You find that P.A. never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how often you stoke and smoke. Get on the sunny side of life with a pipe and P.A. Buy a tidy red tin today and make the personal test. Pipes were *born* for tobacco like this.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



# PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!



Vol. IV      October, 1927      No. 1

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Office of The GHOST: 2025 G Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

## WOODWARD & LOTHROP

10th, 11th, F and G Streets

YOUNG MAN

or

YOUNG WOMAN

Whatever your apparel needs may be—from a Handkerchief to a Hat—may be found here—at most reasonable prices.

Men's Apparel, 2nd Floor

Women's and Misses' Apparel, 3rd Floor

He—Let's get married!

She—Fine, who'll have us?

—*Washington Dirge.*



"I'm a graduate of Shoe College."

"What's that?"

"Just a little higher than Oxford."

—*Georgia Yellow Jacket.*



"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Yeah. The first time I saw you, it suddenly dawned upon me how much I loved my wife."

—*Cornell Widow.*

## Winners In Ghost Contest



The first prize of Five Dollars for the best drawing in this issue has been awarded to Charles E. Shreve.

The second prize of Three Dollars for the second best drawing in this issue has been awarded to Virginia Latterner.

The following members of our Art Staff were awarded One Dollar for each of their drawings which appears in this issue: Marion Stewart, Helen Buchalter, Curran de Bruler, Virginia Latterner, Peggy Somervell, Charles E. Shreve, Jeanne Miles and Rodney Tattersall.



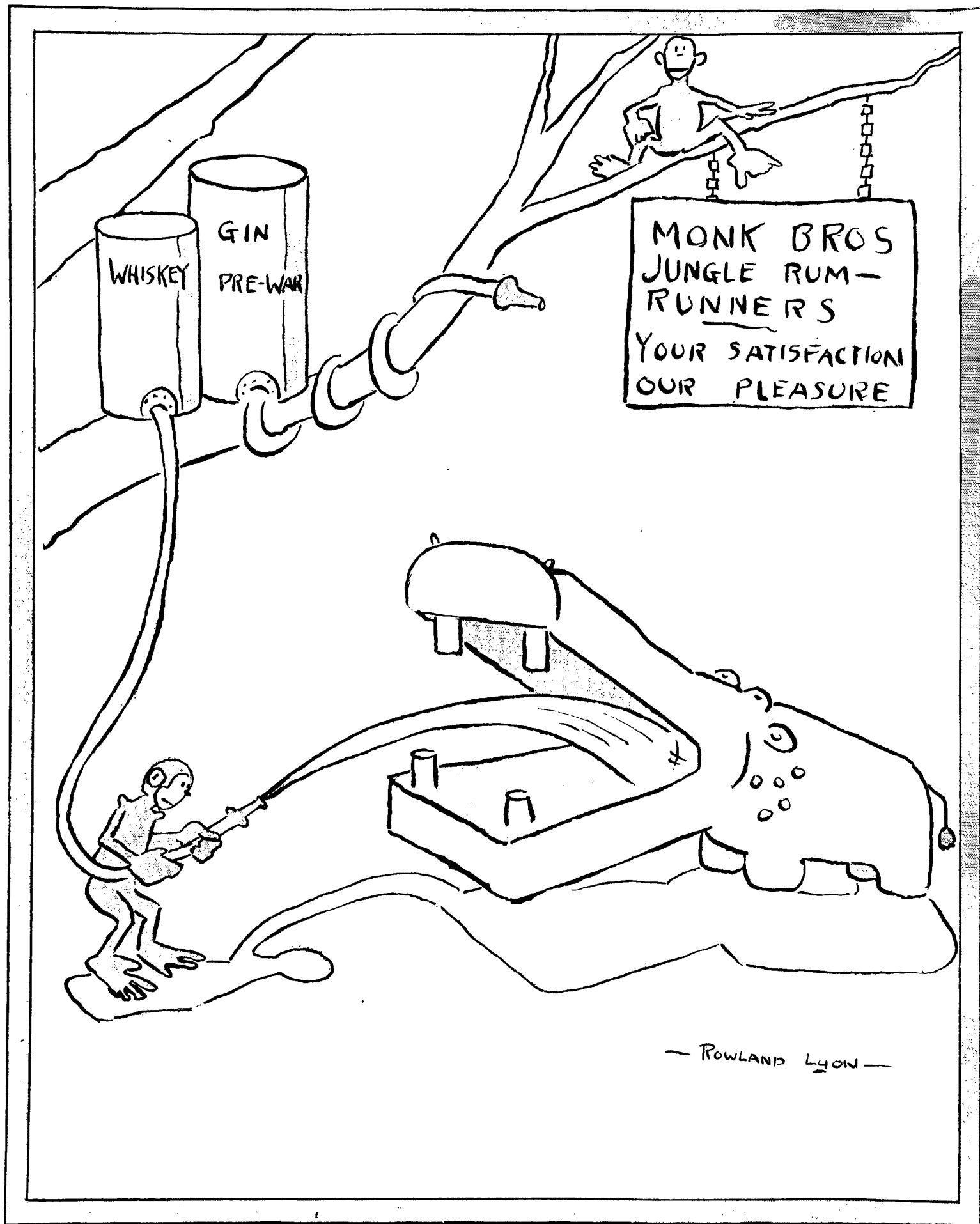
The contest still goes on, with the exception that we will discontinue the award of first and second prizes. Hereafter, One Dollar will be paid for each drawing printed in the GHOST. Contributions should be in by the 14th of each month, and all students interested are invited to participate.



*Opening*

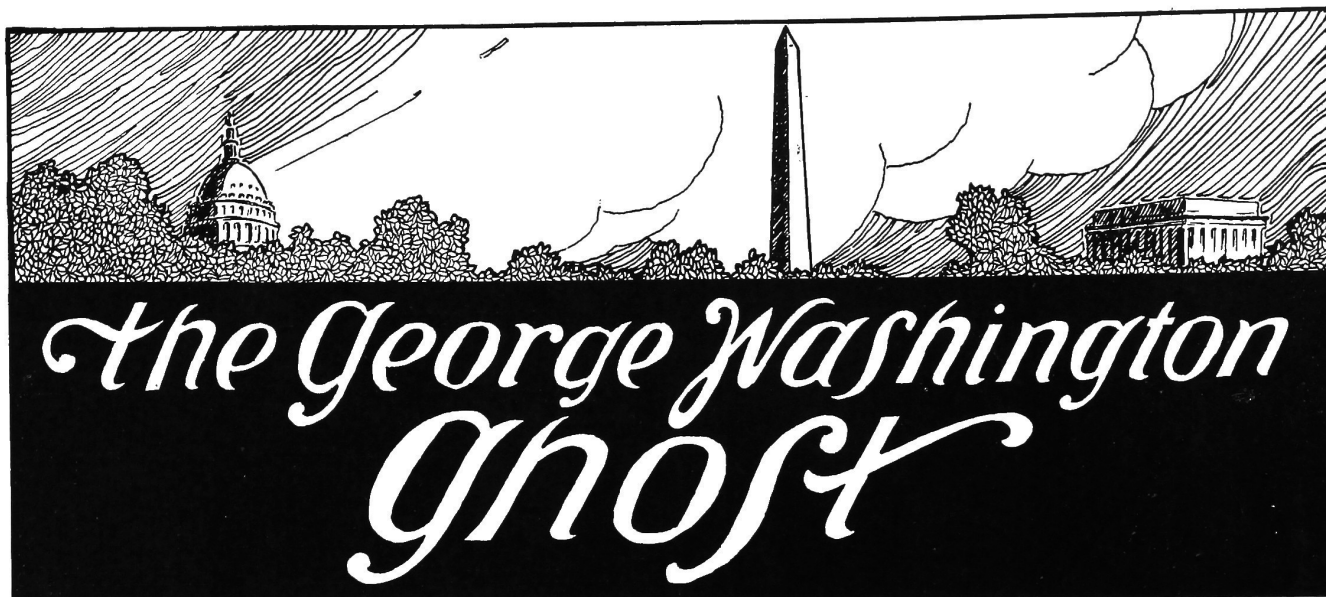
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— ROWLAND LYON —





VOLUME IV

OCTOBER, 1927

NUMBER 1

## COOLIDGE ECONOMY

*By Rodney Tattersall*

I WAS WALKING down the Avenue the other day in front of the White House, when who should I run into but my old friend Calvin Coolidge, whom I used to go to school with back in those dear old Amherst days.

I hardly knew him, for he was dressed in cowboy's chaps, a buck-skin shirt, and a big, wide sombrero, which partly obstructed his vision. I greeted him cordially, and was rewarded by a little typewritten slip of paper, which I quickly unfolded and read. "Well, well, well, well, well, how are you?" said the message.

I repeated my grin and said "I'm fine," and this time was rewarded with another slip of paper, on which I read, "Come on in and have a bite to eat." And so we went into the White House.

No sooner had we entered than I received a third piece of paper, saying, "Go right into the dining room, while I change clothes." This I did, receiving a dirty look from the butler as I made my entrance. He moved closer to the silverware, as if to protect it.

Well, I suppose I must have waited every bit of three minutes, when I was startled out of my wits by a war-whoop, and turning around my eyes beheld an Indian chief. On his feet were sandals, while three painted feathers were in some way attached to his head. I thought it was rather strange that an Indian chief should be bald, but

times change so, you know. Draped around him was a gorgeous Indian blanket, similar to those which are made in New Jersey. Uneasily I began to look around for the nearest window through which I could make an exit if worst came to worst, when suddenly the Indian handed me a slip of paper on which I read the words, "Don't you know me?" Sure enough, it was Cal, up to his old tricks, and arrayed in the full regalia which the Indians of South Dakota so thoughtfully bestowed upon our Chief Executive.

He summoned the negro butler, and solemnly gave him a typewritten slip of paper which read, "Two orders of buckwheat cakes, Vermont maple syrup, sausage, and coffee." The butler scanned the slip and hastened to call the President's attention to the fact that the word "buckwheat" was misspelled. Forthwith the butler received another slip, which said, "I do not choose to correct this mistake. Mind your own business and get a move on."

Well, the meal finally came, and we ate in silence, that is, neither one of us talked. After we had finished I said, "It was all very good, Mr. President." And he gave me another slip which said, "Don't mention it. Kindly pay the cashier on your way out."

Yes, sir, Coolidge economy is a funny thing. He made me pay for my meal, yet he used up over a ream of paper in conversing with me.

1st prize drawing



Lawyer Jones, on being admitted to the bar, opens his first case.

An optimist is a man who thinks he won't have to buy his wife a fur coat just because the man next door bought his wife one.

"And do you find it hard to meet your expenses?"

"I should say not. I meet them everywhere."

Hubby—"Great Heavens! The idea of you paying \$1,000 for a diamond ring."

Wifey—"But think how much it will save you in gloves, dear."

"What makes you think Martha would make a good wife?"

"She's so economical. Always insists on turning out the parlor lights every time I call on her."

### STATISTICS

Of all the students returning from vacation:  
50 went to Europe;  
500 said they did;  
5000 said they had planned to go but something happened;  
5 are not planning to go next year.

"How would you like to make a parachute jump from an airplane?"

"O.K., if the airplane is on the ground."

### HOW TO DO IT

The nervous little man with the trick moustache glanced hurriedly at his watch, grabbed his bag, and rushed out to the station platform. The effect on the other travelers was all that could be desired. They also picked up their luggage and ran. Shortly afterward the little man returned, picked out the best seat in the station, and sat down to wait for the train, which was not due for thirty minutes.

Douglas: "This story has a very interesting plot. Did you write it all yourself?"

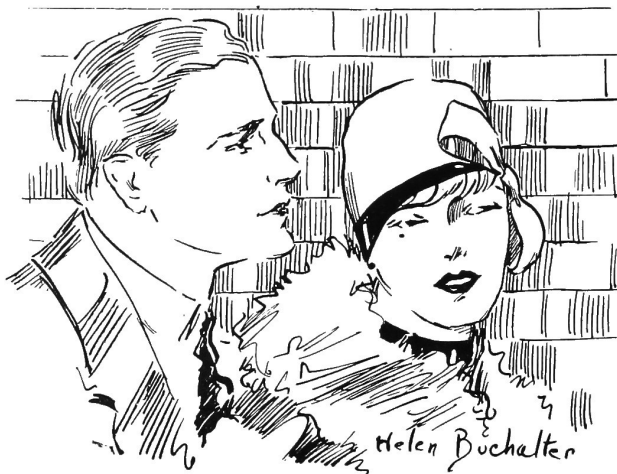
Stewd: "Certainly, sir."

Douglas again: "I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. O. Henry. I thought you had been dead for some time."



A CUTTING REMARK





He: "I just dote on you."

IT: "Well, you'd better find an antidote."

~\*~

Jack: "Harry moved out of that boarding house after staying only two weeks."

Sprat: "He must have finally found out that the place had no bathtub."

~\*~

Boss: "Why can't you read all of your shorthand notes?"

Steno: "Don't you remember when you tickled me?"

~\*~

### HARD LUCK

Ruff: "Why so doleful, old man?"

Tuff: "My roommate was just killed by an auto."

Ruff: "That's sure too bad."

Tuff: "It certainly is. He owed me ten dollars."

~\*~

That TIRED feeling: Waiting for the girl friend to make a new non-stop record on the telephone.

That FOOLISH feeling: Chasing someone who turns out to be black.

That DARK BROWN feeling: Another empty!

That USELESS FEELING: When the girl friend picks up a couple more sweet young things, and you try to get a word in edgewise.

~\*~

1st Student (in restaurant): "Why are you swiping those spoons?"

2nd Student: "The doc told me to take two teaspoons after each meal."

## A LITTLE PLAYLET

### CAST OF CHARACTERS:

The Editor of the GHOST

A Member of the Staff

An Ambulance Driver

A Hospital Interne

A Hard Inkwell

### ACT I

*Scene: The Executive Offices of the GHOST.*

(Editor seated at massive oak desk, tearing ten dollar bills into halves and placing them into neat piles, occasionally muttering to himself. A Member of the Staff enters.)

STAFF MEMBER: "Hello, boss, I've got another joke for you. A little old, but still good, I think."

EDITOR: "All right, spill it."

STAFF MEMBER: "Well, one fellow, whom we will call Jake, walks up to another guy, called Logan, and says, 'Who was that lady I seen you with on the street last night?', and the other guy says, 'That wasn't no street, that was an avenue.'"

### ACT II

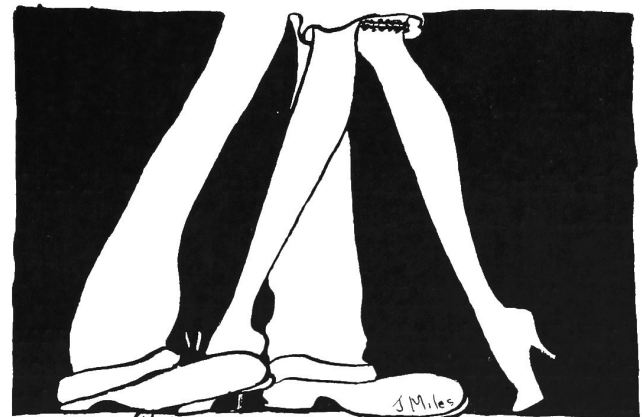
*Scene: At Emergency Hospital*

HOSPITAL INTERNE: "C'mon, Charlie, we gotta call down at the GHOST office."

AMBULANCE DRIVER: "What's the matter now?"

INTERNE: "Oh, some guy socked another one with an inkwell. The whole bunch is sorta looney anyhow."

CURTAIN, if necessary.



WHEN TWO GOOD DOGS MEET



2nd prize drawing

~\*~  
 "They say she is a convent girl."  
 "Yes, it is nun of this and nun of that."

~\*~  
 Lindbergh: "I feel just like a loaf of stale bread. Wherever I go they toast me."

#### ~\*~ PRACTICALLY NO DIFFERENCE

Nellie, the beautiful cloak model, says that married life isn't much different from single blessedness. She used to wait up half the night for her boy-friend to go; now she waits up for him to come home.

#### MAYBE NOT

Cop: "You're pinched for speeding."

Drunk: "Aw g'wan, I haven't moved out of this seat for an hour."

~\*~

The rent-a-car firms do a great business during fraternity rushing season, renting cars to the boys to park in front of the house to keep up appearances.

~\*~

Man (over the phone): "So sorry I can't come to the party, but you see I just broke my leg."

Voice: "Aw, that's a lame excuse."

~\*~

She was only a stenographer, but he liked her type.

~\*~

"What kind of courses do they give at your college?"

"Oh, very coarse ones."

~\*~

He who laughs first told the joke.

~\*~

#### ENGLISH

"A jab in the face is a high sign."

"High sign of what?"

"High hate you."

~\*~

Two people can live as cheaply as one—provided the first two are Scotch.

~\*~

"How in the world did all of these clubs come to be left all over the golf course?"

"Oh, the plumbers just finished having a tournament."

~\*~

Lit: "What do you think of Van Vechten's novel 'Nigger Heaven'?"

Ature: "Well, he certainly gets color into it."

~\*~

"They say Harry promised his father he would go straight."

"Yea, he doesn't take White Rock with his gin any more."

~\*~

"I'm saving up for a rainy day."

"Going to buy a sedan this time, eh?"



## IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS: In Which the Latest Golf Death Mys- tery Is Apparently Solved

THE CIRCUMSTANCES surrounding the death by heart failure of Rufus J. Heffelfinger, who was known as the club pest of Wafflehurst Country Club, have at last come to light.

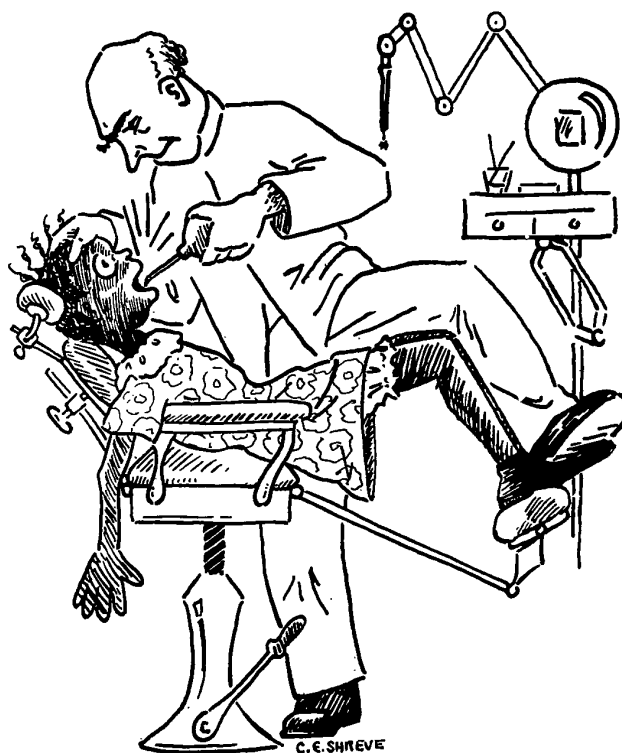
Mr. Heffelfinger got on the train on the third day of June, at Asheville, N. C., plus fours and all, placed his set of clubs lovingly on the seat, and sat down. He looked at the pleasant countryside for some time with a distracted air. The beauty of nature on this fine June day appeared not to interest Mr. Heffelfinger.

Idly his gaze wandered to a blonde, chunky young man occupying the space opposite. Mr. Heffelfinger noticed that the young man had a set of shiny new golf clubs. Abruptly he crossed the aisle and sat down.

Mr. Heffelfinger discussed golf. More, he reveled in golf. He discussed all the good and sloughed over the bad points of his game. Mr. Heffelfinger was a wonderful golfer, it seemed, but in the tournaments he got uniformly bad breaks. Then Mr. Heffelfinger got on to his favorite subject. This was a specially made McWhoosis driver with a steel shaft. The blond young man listened attentively, courteously.



A FITTING STORY FOR GIRLS



"Feel that air?"  
"Dat air what?"

In fact he seemed to be an ideal listener. The golf fiend went back to his seat and got the wonderful McWhoosis club. "This club," said the amiable Mr. Heffelfinger expansively, "has cut four strokes off my average score. Why, with a little training, sir, and this club, I dare say with your youth and keen eye you could beat Bobby Jones. I don't doubt but what you might win the British Open." Mr. Heffelfinger was becoming eloquent. It was a warm day, and sweat stood on his brow.

"Yes, sir. And by the way, as for that Jones fellow, I don't believe he's as good a golfer as they say he is. Just lucky . . . Now my luck seems to be uniformly bad. Especially in tournaments . . ." Mr. Heffelfinger's eyes were very far off.

"I like you, young man. You must come up to my club and play some time. The Wafflehurst Country Club, just outside New York, in Westchester County. Have you heard of it?"

The young man had.

"Heffelfinger's my name. Rufus J. Heffelfinger. What's yours?"

"Robert Tyre Jones, jr.," said the youth. "I'm from Atlanta, Georgia."



## The GEORGE WASHINGTON GHOST

Vol. IV

October, 1927

No. 1

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This month's cover by "Chick" Chittick

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GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIV  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

16 September 1927

OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT

Mr. J. D. Walstrom,  
Editor, The George Washington Ghost,  
1610 - 20th Street, N.W.,  
Washington, D. C.

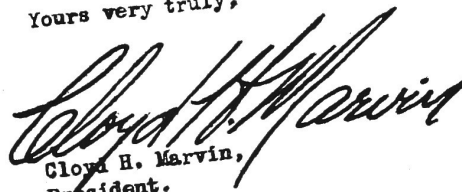
Dear Editor Walstrom:

Nothing is more needed in the present stage of the development of our society than a Mark Twain, because many of us are inclined to take life seriously in places where it would be better to smile. Perhaps the intensity of our diversified activity is responsible.

It is not uncommon for us to build up straw beings and attempt to breathe life into them or to be afraid of specters that never are. All this is a product of our serious attitude, and the one who can help us to smile on the right occasions should be called blessed.

Real humor, as is the case with true satire, must have its basis in the fundamental life streams of the community that is to appreciate it. I am glad we have a "ghost" that stalks abroad to call to our attention, if it be done in a rightminded spirit and temper, such furbelows, eccentricities or omissions as may be ours.

Yours very truly,

  
Lloyd H. Marvin,  
President.



## LINDBERGH'S

## PREDECESSOR

**I**CARUS an' his old man was rum-runners. One day the Coast Guards seen his boat an' started hot-footin' it after him. They got thirsty in them days too. Well, says Ikky, I reckon as how we best give up. Hell no, says the old man, let's give 'em the slip. So Ikky he give her the gas an' run the boat right up on a big rocky island, an' busted up all the bottles.

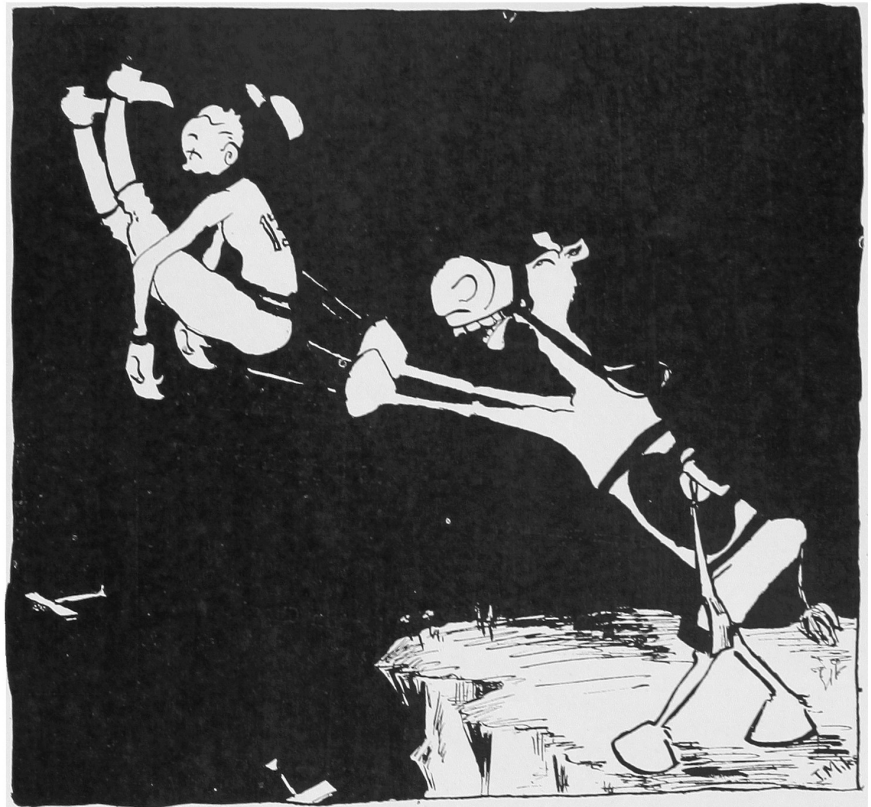
The Coast Guards seen what he done, an' they knew he'd busted up all the evidence 'cause they could smell it. So they went off to play ring-around-the-rosie with a Swedish ship, leaving Ikky an' his old man stranded on this here desert isle.

Well, after about six months on this island, Ikky an' his old man begun to get powerful hungry, an' thirsty too. They had wore out all their clothes, an' didn't have no place to sleep.

I'm a-gittin' dam tired of this, says Ikky's old man. We gotta get offa here or we'll starve from thirst. So he reached in his flask pocket an' pulled out a jack-knife an' started whittlin' some wings.

When the wings was all finished, Ikky stuck 'em on his back with chewin' gum, an' hopped off for Greece or Thrace or one of them countries. When Ikky had got almost there, a big rain come up an' the chewin' gum wouldn't stick no longer. His wings dropped off, an' Ikky hit the water KERFLOP.

After he didn't show up for a couple days, the Greeks sent out to hunt for him, but they didn't find nothin' but the two wings which was wooden ones an' two little gobs of chewin' gum. An' that's how this here flyin' business started.



Newspaper headline: "Horse Throws Jockey."

## TRAGEDY

By H. M. B.

*He took her head between his hands*

*And pressed it to his breast,  
He gazed on it with rapt intent  
As if with soft caress.*

*He took her head between his hands*

*And gazed there, lost in thought,*

*And then, oh dear, he sighed aloud!*

*He'd clipped her neck too short.*



"Don't you think that such shows are a disgrace to the American nation?"

"Yes, I couldn't get a seat either!"

## A NEW ONE

Workmen were busily repairing the wires of a country school-house late one afternoon, when a small boy strolled in.

"What you doin'?" he asked one of the men.

"Installing an electric switch," was the reply.

"I don't care," replied the boy, "I don't go to school here any more."



## FORCE OF HABIT

The tired business man came home after a long, hard day at the office, punctured by endless telephone calls. The family seated themselves around the table and the tired business man bowed his head to ask the blessing, and all was quiet. "Mr. Smith speaking," he began.



## ONLY A "FLAT"

Professor: "Your right rear pneumatic contrivance has ceased to function properly."

Motorist: "Er, what's that?"

Professor: "I say, your tubular air container has lost its roundity."

Motorist: "I just don't—"

Professor: "What I am trying to convey is that the elastic fabric surrounding the circular frame whose successive revolutions bear you onward through space has not retained its pristine roundness."

Small Boy: "Say, mister, you gotta flat tire."

~\*~

"You can't get on without a pull," said one passenger to another on boarding a crowded street car.

"And you can't get off without a push," returned his companion as he pressed the button to signal for the next stop.

~\*~

The modern woman has been weighed and found wanting—everything under the sun.

## RELIEF AT LAST

George (to clerk): "I say, feller, could you take that red tie with orange spots out of the window for me?"

Clerk: "Why certainly, sir. Pleased to take anything out of the window any time, sir."

George (with look of relief): "Thanks awf'ly, ole top. The beastly thing bothaws me every time I pass this way."

~\*~

Visitor from the east in a San Francisco night club: "And just to think that seventy-five years ago they were digging for gold on this very spot."

California friend: "That's nothing. They're still gold digging on this very spot."

~\*~

1980

"Did your ancestors come over on the Mayflower?"

"Don't be ancient. Of course they didn't, they came by plane."

~\*~

A detour is defined as the longest and roughest distance between two points.



## AFTER SUMMER

*That summer, dear, like all,  
A season gay—and grave,  
When heavy red flowers fall,  
And this same bright blue*

*wave*

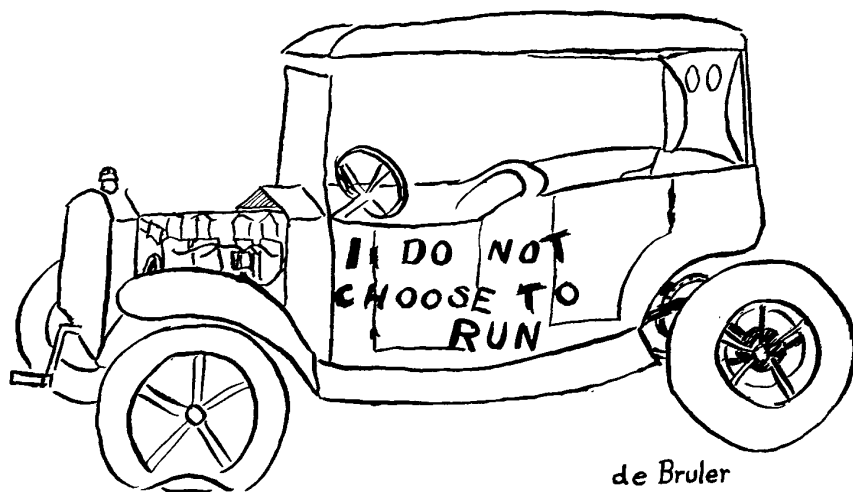
*Smothers the flowers all, and  
light the hot sun gave—*

*What do we give for all  
Three months of tropic  
strife?*

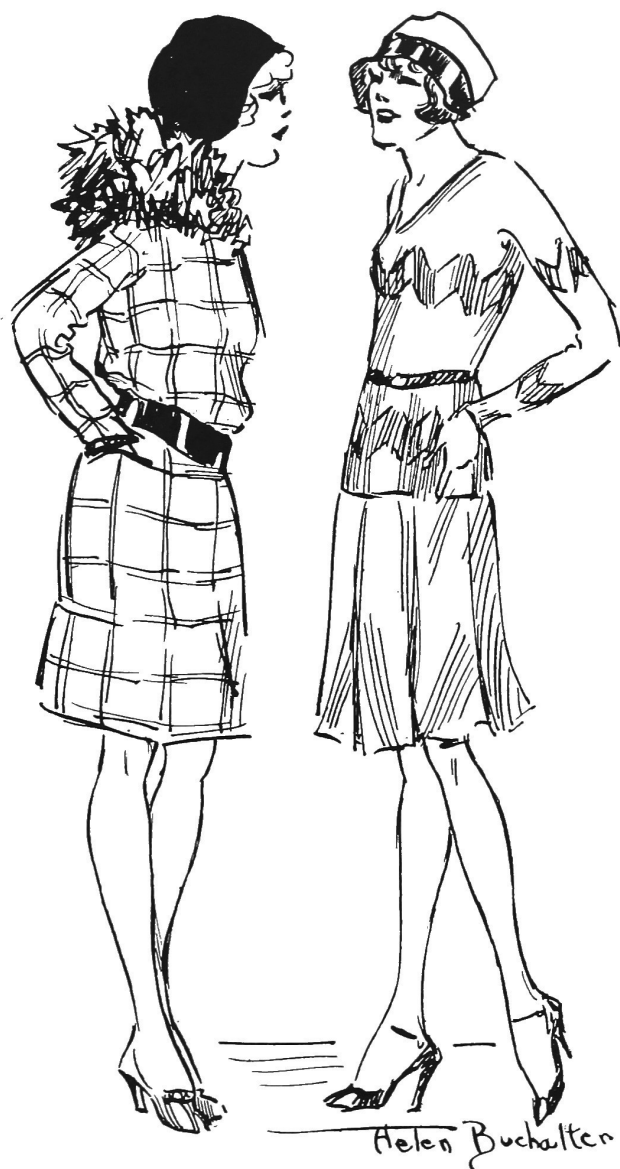
*Winter, and all its pall,  
After that fine young life.  
Now comes the time of fall; it  
cuts me like a knife.*

*Let us forget that beach,  
And all its tropic lure;  
Life's not an unspoiled peach,  
And love is not secure.  
Let's forget, each and each: we  
college men are poor.*

—Sherman Johnson.



de Bruler



"How is your grandmother?"

"Oh, last time I saw her she was mending slowly."

"Why, I didn't know she had been sick."

"She hasn't, she was darning sox."

~\*~

A Wife—"I refused Harry three times before I consented to marry him."

A Bachelor—"Well, his good luck couldn't hold out forever."

~\*~

The chops at the Cafeteria were all burned to a crisp the other day as a mark of respect for the chef, who had died of acute indigestion.

### CHEMISTRY NOTE

A chemistry book gives us this startling bit of information:

"Chlorine is very injurious to the human body. Therefore the following experiment should be performed only by the instructor."

~\*~

1: "There wasn't a person in chapel today with a whole shirt on his back."

2: "How come?"

1: "Because half of the shirt is always in front."

~\*~

Solly: "I hear Izzy wears handcuffs to bed now."

Jacob: "Ooh! Iss he in jail? For vy vas he arrested?"

Solly: "Ach, no! It's so his wife don't understand him ven he talks in his sleep."

~\*~

Angry neighbor: "Your boy just tried to run over me with his car."

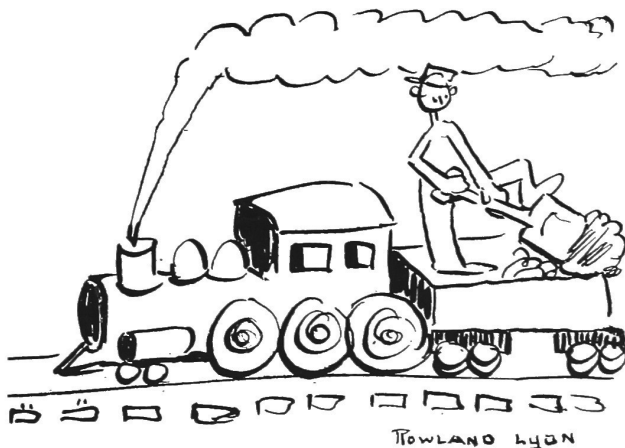
Proud poppa: "Did he succeed?"

A. N.: "No."

P. P.: "Then that wasn't my boy. He's been to college."

~\*~

We know of a fraternity who adopted a cat six months ago. The beast is still living, thus proving that a cat has nine lives.



The Old Iron Horse Ain't What She Used To Be

## THE WAGES OF SIN

**I** AM DOOMED! I am positive the police are hunting for me. How was I to know it was wrong?

This morning, as I was coming down on the street car, a policeman got on, and casting his eyes over the passengers he fixed his gaze on me. With unusual alacrity I left the car at the next corner, but it cost me 8c to take another one.

Yesterday, while dining in a restaurant, a cop came in. He did not see me, so I slipped out immediately. But I was forced to leave over half of a baked potato, two slices of bread, a cup of coffee nearly full, some butter, and my dessert. If this man hunt does not cease I shall go mad!

How did it all happen?

Well, just a week ago today I passed a newspaper box on the corner and took a paper. I only had one penny, so I promised myself I would put the other penny in later. I haven't done it yet, so the police are still on my trail.

Ah, woe is me.



## ACCOMMODATING

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" asked the judge, sympathetically.

"Oh, no. Never!" cried the prisoner, breaking down into tears.

"There, there," consoled the judge. "Don't cry. You're going to be, right now."



Now that airplane rides are common, the modern girl carries a parachute instead of the erstwhile roller skates.



"What do you think of the 18th Amendment?"

"Oh, I suppose it serves a good purpose. They do say that most policemen were shamefully underpaid before it was passed."



The nervous old lady stopped the conductor. "Are you quite sure the train will always stop when you pull that little rope?"

"Of course it will," replied the conductor. "The other end is tied around the engineer's neck."



## LOW-LIFE COLLEGE BALLAD

*By Sherman Elbridge Johnson*

*Well, you and Chick and Buzz and Doc*

*All went to Wardman, didn't you?*

*And stopped me cold as any clock,*

*Well, didn't you?*

*Why should I laugh or sing or mock*

*At anything you four should do?*

*You threw me down like a wet sock,*

*Well, didn't you?*

*Why should I turn a handspring or*

*Something unusual—even cry,*

*When the same thing has come before?*

*I can't see why.*

*Then say that I don't love you more*

*Than Doc! I should be jealous??*

*—We love each other, as before.*

*I can't see why.*

## ADVICE TO FRESHMEN

**R**ODNEY TATTERSALL, our handy man, has drawn four faces in an effort to help Freshmen pass their courses. Much depends on the way you receive the professor's statements, and Mr. Tattersall has described four expressions which are suitable for almost any contingency.

Mr. Tattersall is a very lazy man, as will be shown by the fact that he did not draw any eyes on his characters, but in spite of his apparent lassitude he is a keen observer. Study and practice these expressions; it may mean the difference between a "D" and a "B".



Fig. 1

Fig. 1 shows the expression you want to wear under ordinary circumstances. It consists of a steady, firm gaze in the general direction of the Prof., which leads him to believe that you are paying attention. With such an expression as this, little does he realize that you are wondering whether or not Susie Smilch would be a hot date.



Fig. 2

And professor likes to be sarcastic. You can usually detect this when you see a sneer coming over his features. Provided the sarcasm is not directed toward you, it is best to affect the sardonic smile shown in Fig. 2, which will lead the Prof. to believe that he has struck a responsive chord. All professors want to spellbind their students.



Fig. 3

Experienced students find it best to fit their mood to the professor's. When the Prof. savagely asserts that England tried to gyp us after the Revolutionary War, it is a good policy to look hard-boiled. Undoubtedly the ferocious frown on Fig. 3 is meant to express disapproval of the English foreign policy during the Critical Period.



Fig. 4

And whatever you do, don't forget to laugh heartily when the Prof. tries to be funny. It is sometimes hard to determine when a Prof. means to wax humorous, but most of them usually laugh at their own mots, and this is your cue. Whenever you hear him say, "I am reminded of a little story," get ready to assume expression No. 4.



"Jonathan, stop! Those people are all looking at us."

"Be calm, Rebecca. They just think it's cute."





Mr. Tattersall drew this, but neither he nor the rest of the staff could think of an appropriate title. Two suggestions have been offered; one being "Old Ironsides" and the other "The Big Parade," but both were promptly rejected by us. A paper of safety pins will be given to the person who submits the best title.



"Where'd you get that black eye?"

"Oh, the newspapers gave it to me."



"I simply can't stand the sight of a street cleaner."

"How now?"

"I lost twenty dollars on a horse once."



"Do you care for sports?"

"Yes, but a good sport is scarce these days."

Rastus: "Nigger, why is it you won't neber let anybody say anything against skunks?"

Sambo: "Just cuz, nigger, just cuz days got so much common scents."



ROWLAND LYON

"My wife ran the car into the fence the other day and knocked some paint off."

"Off what, your car or the fence?"

"Neither; off my wife."



Momma: "Pa, Charlie has been a very bad boy today. I wish you'd say something to him."

Poppa: "Hello, Charlie."



Simp: "Are you the great dog painter?"

Artist: "Yes, but I'm busy just now."



## AS TO BOOKS

By Elbert L. Huber and Howard M. Baggett



(EDITOR'S NOTE: On this page we shall endeavor to present the collegian's view of recent books. Messrs. Elbert Lowell Huber and Howard Mason Baggett will have full charge, which is practically the same thing as two bulls in a china shop. Mr. Huber is peculiarly adapted to his new position because he reads the *Saturday Evening Post*, while Mr. Baggett once received "A" on a *Freshman* theme, which he incidentally copied from a newspaper. Both wear about a 14½ shirt.)

**I**N JOHN PAUL JONES: Man of Action (*Brentano's*), Phillips Russell has produced an equally remarkable work in his biography of the naval hero of the Revolution.

The picture we get of the Commodore is quiet different from the usual idea we have always held. While Mr. Russell does not gainsay any of the eulogies written in honor of the hero's bravery, he does show that John Paul Jones was not by nature an adventurous spirit but preferred the peace and solitude of retirement, which were never to be his.

The biography is unusual in that the author does not spare accuracy for color, yet is successful in making it a very readable book withal. He brings to light many incidents and facts in the hero's life which were hitherto wholly unknown or misunderstood, and the entire work shows evidence of careful and painstaking research.

If you like biography, you won't want to miss this one. We may safely say that this is one that is actually authentic without being dull. The copy is illustrated with wood cuts done by Leon Underwood, which give the proper finishing touch to a very attractive volume.



PHILLIPS RUSSELL

Who wrote an excellent biography on Benjamin Franklin some time ago, and whose new book *John Paul Jones: Man of Action* is reviewed in this issue.

### We Also Recommend:

**THE GRANDMOTHERS**, by Glenway Westcott. A Harper prize novel which traces a typical American family from the Civil War to present times.

**DUSTY ANSWER**, by Rosamond Lehmann. The most recent selection of the Book of the Month Club.

**THE AMERICAN CARAVAN**, recently sent to all subscribers to the Literary Guild. A huge compilation of interesting bits of writing by contemporary poets, playwrights and authors.

**LAND OF THE PILGRIM'S PRIDE**, by George Jean Nathan. Mr. Nathan diagnoses the conventions and morals of the average American. Nothing more need be said.

**WILD**, by Carol Denny Hill. A young lady from Barnard has an interesting time in quest of a hubby.

**CIRCUS PARADE** (*Boni*) is a collection of stories revolving about a circus during the early days before the Mauve Decade had even become pink. By Jim Tully, author of *Beggars of Life*. A finer miscellany of good old-fashioned yarns had not made its appearance for quite some time before *Circus Parade* was chosen as the book of the month for August by the Literary Guild.

The author relates in his vivid style his experiences with a circus when but a stripling. The book has no plot; each chapter being devoted to a certain incident or character of this nomadic existence in the "Hey Rube" states of Arkansas, Mississippi, and a few others down there. Each story, from that of the Strong Woman who sought romance, to the tale of a good Southern lynching, was chosen for its dramatic interest, and although some of the endings are plainly manufactured, the effect is complete throughout.

His easy tolerance and manner-of-fact style is noticeable at all times—indeed, it is just that which saves the book from being pornographic. It is frank—so frank that Carnegie Librarians read it and mutter, "Horrid old man"—but finish it nevertheless. His faculty in telling a story cannot be surpassed—one can almost see the old sinner lean back in his chair, stretch his legs, and hear him drawl: "And then there was the Moss-Haired Girl—y'know she always washed her hair in stale beer and herbs."

H. G. Wells has done an amazing thing in his latest book, *Meanwhile* (*Doran*). He has poured out from his background of historical and scientific writ-

(Continued on Page 24)



# THE THEATRE

By JOHN MILLIGAN

## No Night Club



EDITOR'S NOTE: *It is with pleasure that we present Mr. Milligan. Long years ago he was dramatic editor of the Hatchet, then dramatic critic for the Washington Herald, and is now doing The Theatre for us. Just see how he has risen. Jack is also a director of the Motion Picture Guild and is editor of the new magazine, Le Cinema. In his spare time he sells subscriptions to The Country Gentleman, and also delivers milk. He is known throughout his neighborhood as The Boy With The Cheery Whistle.*

**L**AST June, while the writer was conducting a series of publicity stories in the "Hatchet" for a certain local theatrical enterprise, Joe Walstrom invited him to extend his remarks in the "Ghost" this fall. Momentarily elated, your servant believed that no doubt his sapience and shrewdness had earned his promotion. Three hours later it occurred to him that the transfer of his tremendous talents was from the literary newspaper to the funny sheet.

However, he was nothing daunted, and neither was the "Ghost" for that matter, for instructions were given that these columns should criticise the legit and lay off the cinema. Thus was born "The Theatre," just another dramatic department. But a department difficult to negotiate unless one follows one of several schools of criticism that are established and orthodox. Having selected one's school, the



This is not a party in a corner of Le Paradis, but the Lord of the Manor and the Moors dining in state in a scene from the new UFA production, *At the Grey House*, now at the Little Theatre.

rest is easy, except that denunciatory letters from disciples of other schools come in apace.

Let's see what curriculum to court. There is the "nice" criticism, for instance, which speaks of "good entertainment" in judging any and every play, and indulges in sentimental talk about the actors, with references to Olga Nethersole, Salvini, Ada Rehan and Mary Mannering. Ridiculing this branch is the "smart-aleck" criticism, which just raises hell. Slightly allied to both is the "nice but smart-aleck" criticism, which essays wit to keep readers interested, but lets its nose follow its heart.

A rarer form is the "professor" criticism, which has never visited a theatre, but lectures on the influence of Zoroaster on the Post-Triassic comedy of Greenland, and has several incorrect

dates and notions at its command. A fifth variety concerns itself with theory alone, dabbling in "audience psychology" and "the proscenium and its dimensional relation to Irish stagehands." The last variety has yet to be discovered. It is good criticism.

This department has about decided to forget the schools, particularly the unattainable last one, let nature take its course, and just talk.

So here we are, wondering what theatrical fare Washington is to receive this winter. Maybe we will catch some more plays like last season's *The Constant Wife*, *The Road to Rome*, etc., and maybe we won't. Let's not worry about it. We have already had a most significant season opening, when two legit houses lighted up, one with a movie and the other with a play. Movies being taboo (ah, there, Joe), *The Garden of Eden*, which ran two weeks at the Belasco, seems to have sprung the wire this year.

As far as can be discovered, the only person to take anything away from this play was the policewoman who, Mrs. van Winkle says, eliminated several of the lines. *The Garden of Eden* came to town with the label of "American premiere," and soft words to the effect that Washington had given its judgment.

(Continued on Page 30)



(Following the lead of several magazines, we shall give you the low-down on the new phonograph records as they are released, and hope that we can assist you in your selection. The gentleman who will have this column is none other than Sherman Elbridge Johnson, the great maestro. Born in Siberia, Mr. Johnson was smuggled into America disguised as a sewing machine, and has been here for the past forty-seven years. The rumor to the effect that Mr. Johnson is left-handed was started by two old ladies, and has no foundation whatever.—EDITOR).

THE genial editor of THE GHOST, having the idea of making this magazine a sort of *arbiter elegantiarum* for all Washington, on commissioning us to look into this matter of music, phonograph records, et al., did what was exactly equivalent to turning a six-year-old loose in a candy shop without restrictions. However . . .

It struck us, that to do this thing fairly, we should look into all the good things that have appeared in the last couple of months. After this issue, everything that appears will be absolutely up-to-date.

Leaving out President Coolidge's welcome to Colonel Lindbergh (Victor) and Two Black Crows (Columbia), the latter of which is incidentally the best phonograph skit in ages, and turning to music, it seems to us that the best record of the month is When Day Is Done, recorded by Paul Whiteman's Concert Orchestra (Victor). Never in our lives have we heard anything to equal the cornet in this piece. And then the Head Purchasing Agent brought home a disc called What Do I Care What Somebody Said (Victor), and we immediately realized we wouldn't have to buy any coal this winter. The heat from the

## TIMELY TUNES

By Sherman Elbridge Johnson

record will do the trick nicely. On the other side is Under the Moon, better music, and very contagious.

We next turned attention to a melody, which we predict before many days elapse will be (or has been) completely spoiled by ham tenors on the vaudeville circuit. This is Just Like a Butterfly, and Franklin Baur does a good job (Victor) with Johnny Marvin and Ed Smalle in some nice nonsense on the other side. We feel that Harry Richman, of George White's Scandals does

### BEST

When Day Is Done (Victor)

Just Like a Butterfly (sung by Harry Richman (Brunswick))

Two Black Crows (vaudeville, not music) (Columbia)

The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi (Victor)

Hallelujah (orchestra version) (Brunswick)

Red Lips, Kiss My Blues Away (Pathe)

Frankie and Johnnie (Victor)

the butterfly song better (Brunswick), and Mr. Richman might have done well with Hallelujah on the other side, but he tried to be comic and it didn't quite come off. Anyone who has seen the Scandals will understand. One record we carried home was Waring's Pennsylvanians' version of The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi (Victor), a necessary part of any college man's equipment. The other side is good, but is just another of those songs having to do with sweethearts.

Two dance records that hit the spot were Ben Bernie's version of One O'clock Baby (Brunswick), with You Know I Love



You, on the reverse, and What Do We Do on a Dew-Dew-Dewy Day, by Nat Shilkret's outfit (Victor). Johnny Hamp does nice things on the other side of the latter.

This being Hit the Deck season, we noticed two records, with Hallelujah and Sometimes I'm Happy on them; one by Ohman and Arden (Brunswick), the other by Nat Shilkret and Roger Wolfe Kahn respectively (Victor). The first is better music, but not reproduced so clearly.

Last month, we got a considerable kick out of Who Do You Love, from Earl Carroll's Vanities, and I'll Always Remember You—they were Paul Whiteman at his best (Victor). Also Frankie and Johnnie and Abdul Abulbul Amir, by Frank Crumit (Victor). The latter is indispensable to any fraternity house. Hear Casey Jones, sung by Vernon Dalhart (Victor) also. Salu-ta, by Waring's Pennsylvanians (Victor) is fair, their rasping-voiced trap drummer having the honors.

If you like honest-to-goodness jazz, that won't let your feet keep still, listen to three Brunswick records: Positively—Absolutely, an old folk song, well done by the Six Jumping Jacks; Zulu Wail and Slow River, of the snaky Mississippi mud type, by Clarence Williams and His Bottomland Orchestra; then Bugle Call Rag, much wilder and funnier, by Red Nichols and His Five Pennies. Also hear two oldtimers: Kiss Me Again and Missouri Waltz by Carter's Orchestra (Brunswick). We didn't have the nerve to listen to Me and My Shadow, another song ham-tenored to death.

Not so bad: Collette, by Whiteman (Victor), and Gene Austin's Forgive Me.

(Continued on Page 24)





## OUR CLEVER CONTEMPORARIES



Deedle: "I can't keep my date tonight."

Doodle: "What's the trouble?"

Deedle: "Well, if I kiss Rose, I'll give her Marie's cold."

—Columbia Jester.

~\*~

Customer—"Chicken croquettes, please."

Waiter—"Fowl ball!!!"

—Amherst Lord Jeff.

~\*~

One—"Dick went on another wet party last night."

Two—"Well, do we have to bail him out again?"

—V. M. I. Sniper.

~\*~

Angel: "I'm so sorry, we'll have to stop. The car has run out of gas."

Chlorine: "Oh, that's all right. I brought a flask of gasoline along."

—Pitt Panther.

~\*~

"My girl always goes to bed in her working clothes."

"Howzat?"

"She's an artist's model."

—Cannon Bawl.

~\*~

Patient (nervously): "And will the operation be dangerous, Doctor?"

Doc: "Nonsense! You couldn't buy a dangerous operation for forty dollars."

—Cornell Widow.

"I got a hunch."

"Really, I thought you were just round-shouldered."

—Williams Purple Cow.

~\*~

Frosh (just after first shave): "Er-how much do you charge?"

Barber: "A dollar and a half."

Frosh: "What? How's that?"

Barber: "I had to hunt for the beard."

—Princeton Tiger.

~\*~

They used to make roads in France out of Gaul stones.

—Wisconsin Octopus.

~\*~

"Is Jack very successful?"

"No. He's so poor he's still got the same wife."

—Stanford Chaparral.

~\*~

She: "I have a suspicion that you're not playing square with me."

He: "Well, what am I doing?"

She: "I think you're playing 'round with me."

—Wisconsin Octopus.

~\*~

"Can you beat it? I called him a dirty bum, a liar and a lousy, low-down crook—and he never said a word!"

"Force of habit, old boy; he's an umpire."

—Michigan Technic.



## AS TO BOOKS

(Continued from Page 20)

ings a magnificent conception which he more nicely labels *The Picture of a Lady*. The book opens with a brilliant house-party at an Italian villa. Life is easy and smooth for them, they are all *meanwhile*.

Then, after some deep, hard philosophy given through the sugar-coated medium of after dinner talk, the quick march of events starts in, breaking the complacency in a truly dramatic way. A penetrating discussion of sex in general and its social complications is given through the portrait of Mrs. Philip Ryland. A good book, if you like Wells.

We did not enjoy *Unkind Star* (Knopf), Nancy Hoyt's new and generally praised novel, as much as *Roundabout*, her preceding effort. Somehow the book was a little too "jumpy," a little too hard to read. There was a certain lack of smoothness in her sequence of events that transgressed beyond mere style. As usual the book contains many bits that were in themselves delightful, and the novel is spicy, yet handled nicely enough to satisfy that very great portion of the reading public who seem to be disappointed when a story lacks the risque touch.

Laid bare, her characters certainly are well portrayed. They quite definitely *live*, and the handling is in the latest technique, yet we fear that there are many who will lay the book aside, partially read, because they are unable to keep up interest in the jumbled maze of a poorly connected narrative.

A GOOD WOMAN (Stokes) marks the completion of the Bromfield Saga, a collection of four novels. The scene is laid in "The Town" which produced Lily of the *Green Bay Tree* and Ellen of *Possession*, and the

story deals with Hattie Downs, the Good Woman, who bends her son to her own will and wishes.

The son, Phillip, is discovered in Africa where he finds to his relief that saving souls is not his metier. He rebels and returns home and a long struggle ensues; he finally goes his own way, but it is too late. The mother's power over him and his struggle against it has weakened him and he returns to Africa to die.

The story does not have the even narrative quality that marks the other novels, and while the characters are very good, the whole book doesn't quite meet the standard set by *Early Autumn*, a Pulitzer novel. However, we have never enjoyed characters quite so much as those of Mr. Bromfield's, and you will find much to interest you.

Gertrude Atherton has departed from her usual theme in *The Immortal Marriage* and for the first time has done something more or less worthwhile, if anything she does deserve to be called worthwhile.

The novel is based upon the love and illegal marriage of Pericles and Aspasia, an Ionian woman who was noted as the most educated and brilliant woman of all Greece, when women were tolerated solely for the purpose of providing heirs for their noble husbands. We have not heard the dictum of any student of Ancient History but the novel seems fairly authentic, with the usual embellishments after the manner of E. Barrington.

If the characters are all a little too perfect and beautiful, and if everything seems somewhat sugar-coated, we can remember that the author is a woman and was probably writing for the box-office any way.

LOST ECSTASY (Doran), by Washington's own Mary Roberts Rinehart, seems certain to divide its readers into two

camp. The work is different from anything she has ever done and is probably the greatest thing she has attempted in all of her long career. In her effort to give us a picture of life and emotions typically American she has become somewhat entangled in her own web and the result is not all that might have been accomplished.

The story is a strange mixture of the old western thriller and some of Martha Ostenso's *Wild Geese* atmosphere transferred a little further West. For one who has but recently completed Jim Tully's *Circus Parade*, the descriptions of the show life in the two books are amusing in their contrast.



## TIMELY TUNES

(Continued from Page 22)

A sure-enough red-hot jazz record is Red Lips, Kiss My Blues Away (Pathe).

Best classical records: The Harlequin Serenade from Paggiacci, sung by Tito Schipa (Victor). On the other side is Il Sogno, from Massenet's *Manon*, doubly interesting because of Jack Barrymore's recent screen version of the *Manon Lescaut* story. Also Paul Whiteman's rendition of the Rhapsody in Blue (Victor). By all means hear this. A thirty-five piece orchestra with George Gershwin himself at the piano.

Didn't care for: Sweet Lil and Ain't She Sweet, by Paul Whiteman's trio. They try hard, but we are not amused.



"Have you heard the prize fighters new training song?"

"No, how does it go."

"Me and My Shadow."



A thing of beauty is a toy forever.

# And So the Day Was Utterly Ruined

By BRIGGS



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.. not a cough in a carload

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"Why don't you put violet in your bath?"  
 "Because I don't know Violet."

—*Stevens Stone Mill.*

The bigger you are the harder they fall.  
 —*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Angry Professor: Jones, what are you late for today?

Jones: For class, I guess.

—*Lehigh Burr.*

She: Will you be able to come to my party?  
 He: Yes, indeed, but I'm wondering if I'll be able to leave.

—*Dartmouth Jack o'Lantern.*

"I call my apartment house Florence Arms after my mother."

"I call mine Venus Arms—Venus has no arms and I have no apartment house."

—*N. Y. U. Medley.*

Ruth: Innocence is bliss.

Les: Yes, but look at all the good jokes that get by you.

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Our nomination for president of the Futility Society is the fellow who broke his Phi Beta Kappa pledge because he didn't like the fellows.

—*U. of Wash. Columns.*



## WARDMAN PARK HOTEL

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Mother: Are his intentions perfectly honorable?

Flapper: I'm afraid so.

—*Missouri Outlaw.*

~\*~

"Don't you think Mary looks like a lovely flower?"

"Yes; like one of these century plants."

—*Yale Record.*

~\*~

Old Version

He who courts and runs away  
Lives to court another day.

New Version

He who courts and does not wed  
Has to come to court instead.

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

**you'd really be surprised**

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"So it took your brother longer than four years to graduate from Topeka College?"

"Yes, he was too good a football player."

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

~\*~

"No woman tells me what to do; I'm boss in my home."

"Yeah; I'm a bachelor too."

—*Georgia Cracker.*

~\*~

One of the things that gave Louis the Sixteenth a pain in the neck was the guillotine.

—*Reserve Red Cat.*





## WHERE WE GET OUR MONEY

**A**S you will notice, we don't have any signs at the bottom of our pages which say "Mention the GHOST to our advertisers." We have often wondered just what would happen if a student came into a store and said, "I saw your ad in the GHOST, so I want to buy a package of cigarettes." In all probability the salesman would do one of two things: fall to the floor in a dead faint, or, if still conscious, call the patrol wagon.

Be that as it may, however, we DO want you to patronize those who advertise with us, and whose advertising makes it possible for us to pay the printer's bill. Whether they are just across the street or in a distant city, they are all helping George Washington University. We are exceptionally fortunate in having as advertisers only firms that are noted for their excellent reputations and quality products, and we respectfully recommend the following to you:

Camel Cigarettes

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The Little Theatre

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# EDGEWORTH

- PART OF A COLLEGE EDUCATION



## The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobaccos

LARUS & BRO. CO. -- RICHMOND, VA.

Where There's So Much Smoke There  
Must Be Some Flappers.

—Mink.



### IF ACCEPTANCES WERE TRUE

Mr. Harold Applebottom  
regrets that the eight hour working day  
observed by  
The Long Hang Whang Lang Laundry  
Company  
makes it impossible for him  
to get his only shirt back in time to accept  
the kind invitation of  
Kappa Chi Alpha  
for dinner Thursday, June ninth

—Yellow Crab.

"Is he polite?"

"Is he polite! Why, he apologizes to himself when he cuts himself with the razor."

—U. of Wash. Columns.



There's something wrong with these rabbits you sold me. They have the hiccoughs."  
"My dear sir, they are Belchin' hares."

—Northwestern Purple Parrot.



A sign was posted on the door of the dean's office which read: "Back in half an hour."

A few minutes later a line was added:  
"What for?"

—Brown Jug.



"Smoke all you wish, darling,  
but —"

But—. Guess what the but meant. Give up? Well, simply that the gentleman in question should remember to take some of those little Pep-o-mint Life Savers between smokes and make his breath pleasant and sweet.

She could tell him the truth about stale tobacco breath. It's lots easier to love a person who takes Life Savers between smokes.



LOOK WHAT YOU CAN GET FOR \$1.50  
WHEN YOU SUBSCRIBE TO THE GHOST

*Humor*: our campus wits often write some amusing jokes, short skits, poetry and satire.

*Drawings*: the best in cartoons, drawings and covers by our talented fellow students.

*Theatre*: the low-down on the current theatrical situation; stage and movie alike.

*Books*: short reviews on the latest best-sellers; all the books that people talk about.

*Popular Music*: the new record releases, the best ones to buy, and the dope on the late hits.

*Pictures*: interesting photographs of theatrical stars, movie scenes, literary people and others.

*Features*: professors and others will contribute interesting articles from time to time.

*Exchanges*: the cream of the jokes is gleaned from the leading campus comic magazines.

*The remaining seven issues for \$1.50, delivered at your home each month by the famous United States Mail. If you can't subscribe anywhere else, you can do it at the Hatchet Office.*

## THE THEATRE

(Continued from Page 21)

ment at many preceding Hopwood premieres, and would probably like to see the play first. Just two weeks before everybody had heard of the success of the play in Baltimore, where the Edwin H. Knopf stock production played it two weeks at the Auditorium. The cast seen here was practically the same as the Baltimore lay-out.

Knopf, by the way, not only made box-office history in Baltimore during the summer, but managed it in spite of the fact that he put on some good stuff. His company attacked Molnar's *Swan* with both sides admitting a draw. This, as no less than three thousand dramatic critics have said, is tough meat for a stock company. Yet decent direction, tasteful settings, and actually acceptable accents made up for what royal finesse the American actors lacked. One person, however, Robert Rendel by name, managed a better Prince than the originator of that role in this country. The perennial *Rain* was devoured by the Baltimoreans like the proverbial hot-cakes, all of their productions, with the help of visiting "stars," local names, etc., standing them up.

The Baltimore critics stayed in line all summer, spending the intermissions telling your reviewer how good the company was. He, of course, made incoherent noises about Steve Cochran's National company, and their production of *Seventh Heaven*. You probably know as much and more about this company than your reviewer, so that's why the gab about Baltimore.

*Queen High* and *Bonita* were good but have gone, so that's over, and *The Wicked Age* never showed up at all. *Interference* came in too late to review, and it probably wouldn't have been reviewed anyway, but just had something interesting about it mentioned.

This week *The Zoo* is with us, and judging from its backers and authors, is not to be missed. You can't tell what will be the result of a mixture of Michael Arlen and Winchell Smith, while anything with Wallace Eddinger and Roland Young in it is pretty likely to be good. Bet it's a drawing room comedy, Lord Tipton smashing the vase in the second act. *The Zoo* is at the National, and our advice is to drop around.

This admonition is no doubt unnecessary about *Artists and Models*, current at Poli's, because if someone should ring a bell during any performance six hundred young people would walk out, believing it time for Prof. Bolwell's course. On second thought, this department reckons that it might not be a bad idea to recommend this edition

## THE THEATRE

(Continued from Page 30)

of *Artists and Models*. Here goes: this edition of *Artists and Models* is recommended.

We were told that this week's attraction at the Belasco would be a play called *Synthetic Sin*, but were unable to find out much more about it. It might be a good idea to know how to commit sin in a synthetic manner.

As for the movies, more in your scribe's line, some worth-while things are on the horizon. *Underworld* at the Columbia will be found not only exciting, but an education about the methods of Joseph von Sternberg, the director. *Chang* is due some time soon, and is on the "must" list, of course, while *At the Grey House*, now playing at the Little Theatre is something new. Here is an obvious, slow, romantic, paper-tearing legend, embellished with the most wonderful and beautiful photography and settings yet produced. The near high-brows will yell about the acting and plot, not realizing that the quaintness and antiquity of everything is intentional. As a picture of the times, enchanting and naive, it has never been equaled. It concerns a noble house of medieval Germany.



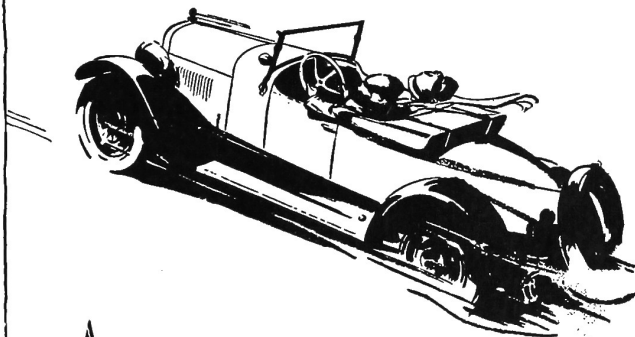
Just what was accomplished in these columns this month is a little uncertain. Shall we fire Milligan, folks? Or will you let us know what you prefer in this line? If agreeable with you, enclose a two-dollar bill in your letter, just for old time's sake.—Editor of the GHOST.

Father Kangaroo: "Where's the baby?"  
Mother Kangaroo (feeling in pockets): "I guess I must have left it in my other clothes."  
—Webfoot.

"Why does Kubix wear his hair so long?"  
"So that he can create the impression that his brain is fertile."  
—California Pelican.

Little Boy (running into church): "I don't see any rails."  
Decorator: "Rails for what?"  
Little Boy: "Rails for the bride's train to run on."  
—Texas Ranger.

# AN ESSEX Speedabout to some college artist



A TRIM, new Essex Speedabout with a special paint job, and seventy-five other prizes by Eugene Dietzgen Company will be awarded by COLLEGE HUMOR to the college artists submitting the best original drawings before January 15, 1928.

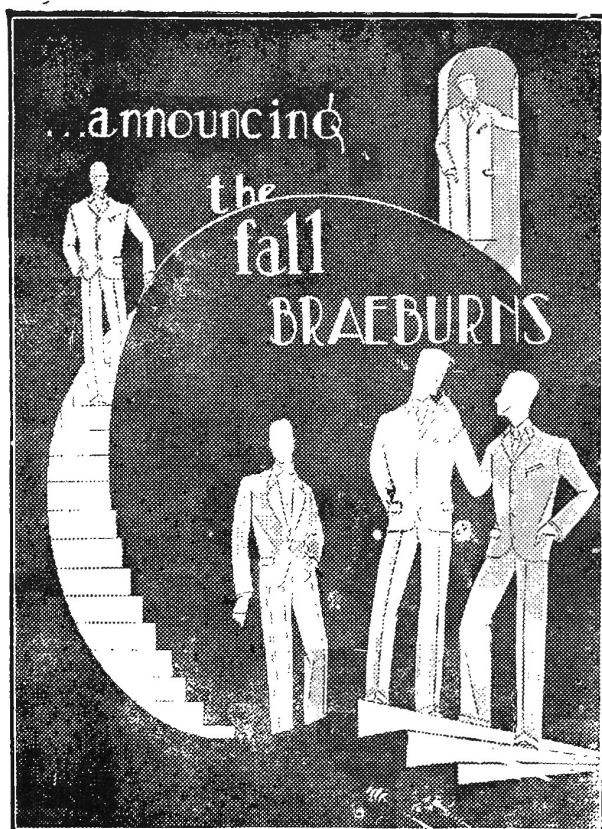
Drawings may be done in any medium in black and white. Several drawings may be submitted if return postage accompanies each drawing.

Three famous artists, James Montgomery Flagg, Gaar Williams and Arthur William Brown, will judge the drawings. In case of a tie two Essex cars will be awarded. Other drawings, if accepted, will be paid for at regular rates.

See the new Essex Speedabout you may win at

For complete details see a copy of COLLEGE HUMOR now on sale on the news-stands. Drawings should be sent immediately to the Art Contest Editor

CollegeHumor  
1050 N. LA SALLE ST.  
CHICAGO, ILL.



## Upper Classmen Know Their Braeburns

To you men who are about to enter the halls of learning for the first time, we extend an invitation to drop in the Frat House (our new second floor college room) and see what is new and proper for campus wear.

***Braeburn University Clothes***  
***are \$35 to \$45***

**THE HECHT CO.**

F Street

College Graduate, showing his diploma to his father: Here's your receipt, Pop.

—*U. of S. Calif. Wampus.*

~\*~

Our idea of the hit of the college party was the alumnus in his second wildhood.

—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

~\*~

A woman went on a professional hunger strike and twenty Scotchmen proposed to her.

—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

~\*~

Butter and Eggs: Am I the first man you ever loved?

Former Prom Trotter: Yes, all the rest were college boys.

—*Lehigh Burr.*

~\*~

Jack: She swims beautifully.

Jill: Why, I thought she had a good figure!

—*Carnegie Puppet.*

~\*~

The critic wrote: "The play ended, happily." What a whale of a difference a little comma makes."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

~\*~

"I'm in love and I am loved."

"Then you must be perfectly happy."

"But it isn't the same man!"

—*Nebraska Awgwan.*

~\*~

"My future is assured."

"Why?"

"I'm going to die."

—*Webfoot.*

~\*~

Kid: Pop, the thermometer has fallen.

Pop: Very much?

Kid (sheepishly): Oh, about five feet.

—*Virginia Reel.*





## Just Think How Nice It Would Be

to have the mailman bring your copy of the GHOST every month. They will be mailed out so that yours will reach you on the morning of the day they are placed on sale.



When you come down to school and are accosted by those who want to sell you a copy, simply assume a superior air, and in icy tones say: "Thank you, sir, but I *subscribe* to the GHOST."

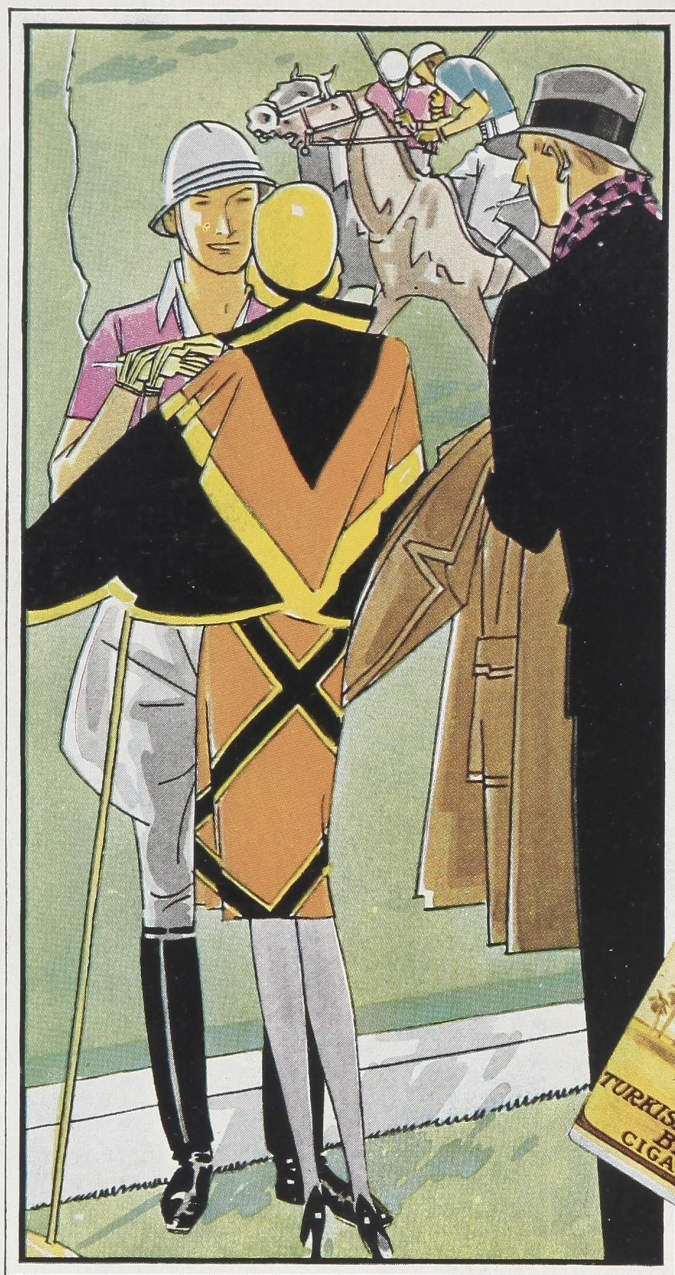


And when the winsome sorority girl entreats you to subscribe to the GHOST, be big-hearted for once. All you have to do is to pay the trivial sum of \$1.50, and you will receive the remaining seven issues of the GHOST, sent through the mails in a plain wrapper, and no questions asked.



That's the spirit.





## Distinguished by a favor that places it first

It is a natural pride that Camel feels for its triumphs. Not only did it lead the field shortly after its introduction. It passed steadily on with each succeeding year until today it holds a place in public favor higher than any other smoke ever reached. Camel is supreme with modern smokers.

Obviously, there is a quality here that particular smokers appreciate. It is indeed

the myriad qualities of perfection that are to be found in the choicest tobaccos grown. And the art of Nature is aided by a blending that unfolds each delicate taste and fragrance.

You will more than like Camels. You will find a solace in them every smoking hour. Their mildness and mellowness are an endless pleasure. *"Have a Camel!"*

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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